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The Poison Is Hacked.

There is no more wholesome food among fish than a mackerel, yet along the backbones of that same fish there lies a strip of flesh which if it brings you to death's door even if it kills you. You may eat it a hundred times and it will be as wholesome as the rest of the fish, but the hundred and first time or earlier it may cause terrible trouble. This is because occasionally, without any sign or any known reason, distills a powerful irritant poison. There is no difference in the appearance of the fish or in its flavor; nothing to warn you of the danger. The only remedy is to leave the spine of the fish alone and not take the flesh that lies in the angle of the backbone's edge. There is never a year without a few deaths from this cause, though you might eat mackerel scores of times without taking harm. Yet animals have some way of detecting the poison, and a cat will not eat the flesh from the mackerel's spine if it is dangerous. It is not a question of staleness—a perfectly fresh fish may be deadly and a stale one harmless.—London Standard.

Lady Grey's Doll Evening.

Thomas Greaves, who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, has presented some queer pictures of King William IV. Greaves wrote: "The Greys had just come from Windsor castle. Lady Grey, in her own dress, dressed in a blue and white, more dead than alive. She said all the boring she had ever endured before was literally nothing compared with her misery of the two preceding nights. She hoped she never should see a man looking like that again, she was so white and thin. The queen and the king, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince and Princess, Mrs. Leven and herself had sat around for hours, the queen knitting or nothing a piece, the king talking or occasionally asking for the purpose of saying, 'Really so, ma'am,' and then sleeping again. The queen was cold as ice to Lady Grey till the moment she came away, when she could afford to be a little civil at getting out of her."

Curious Hunting Custom.

The Labrador Indians when on a hunt stalk on in advance of the main body of their party, while the women, heavily laden with provisions and means of shelter, drag along slowly after. When the hunt and masters begin to think of food time or wish in any way to leave some guide as to their progress for the women they turn an upright spear or stick in the snow and draw in the snow the exact line of the main body, then the women, taking patiently along, note the spear and the progress of the shadow and know exactly the difference of time. They know, too, whether they dare to finger for a few minutes rest or if they must hastily cut the stick of spear and hurry on.

Long Journeys Made by Whalers.

The whalers that swim about the islands which lie off the coast of Norway and Finland in March and April travel immense distances. In May they turn up at the Azores or even at the Bermudas and sometimes pay a visit to the Antilles. They swim fast, for in June they are back again off Norway. Some of these whalers have been known to bring back evidence of where they have been, for harpoons of the peculiar kind used off the coast of South America have been found stuck in them.—St. James Gazette.

Old Japanese Customs.

The Japanese houses have no chimneys, and you are never warm enough until the lower windows rise. The Japanese have beef and no mutton; the Chinese have beef and no beef. Japanese milk, like Japanese beef, have no fat; Japanese stables have no manure; Japanese music has no harmony. The Japanese alphabet is not an alphabet, but a selection of seventy useful ideograms to dispense with the dozens in ordinary use by the Chinese.—"Queer Things About Japan."

A Story of Brains.

A rather celebrated composer asked to be allowed to play his very latest composition to Brahms, and did so with tremendous vigor, the perspiration streaming down his face as he pounded the piano. Brahms at the end of the performance picked up a sheet of the manuscript and, feeling it between his finger and thumb, enthusiastically exclaimed: "I say, where do you get your music paper? It's first rate!"

Plants Without Roots.

The "flower of the air" is a curious plant found in China and Japan. It is so called because it appears to have no roots and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 or 700 miles, and it grows as it travels, suspended on a twig.

Thorns.

"To all roses have thorns, pop?"
"Yes, my son."
"I can't feel any on these roses on my hat."
"You would if you had to pay for the hat, my son."

Rabbie's Metaphor.

"What do you think now, Rabbie?"
"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hot foot."

Bath.

Little Willie—Pa, Pa—Well, what is it, Willie? Little Willie—Is writing a professor of a disease.—Illustrated

A Greivous Fish.

The salmon seems to be gifted with much intelligence, or "hereditary foresight," as it is occasionally called, which is more particularly acute when danger signals are abroad, says William G. Harris in Field and Stream. They have been known, when congregated in the river pools, to become frightened by roaders approaching them with net or spear and to immediately dash down stream to a distance of thirty miles in one night, not stopping until they had reached pools so deep that they could not be taken with the appliances of the poacher. They seemed to know that if they went higher up the stream their doom was sealed. When coming from the sea in schools and on entering the estuary they have been seen with an old leader at the head of the school, the rest forming a triangle about two and a half feet below the surface of the water, and on calm days, guided by the old patriarch, they would swim around the fisherman's net, never approaching them nearer than ten or twelve yards.

Standing on Egg on End.

Any fresh egg can, without being boiled, be balanced on either end by any one possessing patience and a steady hand. In order to save time the egg should be placed for a short time on the end upon which it is desired to balance it, so as to allow the yolk to settle into both forearms of the person making the experiment should be toward the edge of the table and the egg should be taken between the three fingers and thumb of both hands and slowly turned around until the end of gravity is found. This experiment may at first require a little time, but after a little practice it will be found very easy to do. It would be well to try it first on the table-top and then on the bottom of a plate.

It is conceded, of course, that the present world is far more advanced than that of "Gulliver," so it is easy to be expected that different ideas should have been formed, even as to the balancing of eggs.

A Defense of Hunching.

It is not necessary in these days to defend the claim of the dance to a place among the arts. As soon as we have got rid of the Puritan prejudice on the point and one may hope that the no longer exists for the intelligent part of the population the claim is too overwhelming to need apology, for if we have not to mean the production of beauty from the one only words existing to be concealed, while if we understand it as self expression in some concrete form we shall find that the dance, which is a kind of fusion of music, painting and sculpture, is pre-eminently capable of giving expression beyond the possibility of words to the love, and therefore largely unarticulated, parts of our nature: the language of the spirit and the joy of life.—London Outlook.

Gravels of Life Insurance.

Life insurance originated in 1701 in London. In that year there was formed the first life insurance company. It was called the Amicable Society For a Perpetual Assurance Office. It was a mutual benefit concern. Each member, without reference to age, paid a fixed admission fee and a fixed annual charge per share from one to ten shillings, and at the end of the year a portion of the fund accumulated was divided among the heirs of those who had died, in accordance with the number of shares each dead person had held. Out of this company, with its crude and imperfect methods, life insurance as it exists today has grown.

Swinging Round the Circle.

The journey of life is a circle of travel in circles. Therefore to take the good that is in you, find your thosness. You have come back to the world and by it is the beauty of the things that you do today that has most to do with making beautiful your tomorrow. One of the blessings of the sunset is in rousing the memories of what was planned in the morning.

The First Corner.

The first corner—and coming about modifications of the direction zone and graphs—was introduced into France by Catherine de' Medici. It was a strange affair and fashionable after the style of a knight's entrails. The framework was entirely of iron, and the velvet, which decorated the exterior only, served to hide a frightful and cumbersome article of torture.

Good Scheme.

Hicks—You keep denigrating of all your old letters? What an old fellow! Well—Yes; when I have done something particularly foolish I just read over one of those letters. It is a good encouraging to know that I'm not nearly so much of a fool as I used to be.

The Literal Truth.

Time—What do you mean by sending me word that you were not in? Deeds—I didn't. I sent you word that I was out. Deeds—Well, and what did you mean by that? Deeds—Exactly what I said. I am out of cash.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Amplifying Him.

First Guest—Did he mean—Is this diamond brooch torn? Second Guest—That's what the waiter calls it. First Guest frowning—Well, he's a prevalent error.

Sentence Suspended.

"Her voice was tried by a famous singing master?"
"Was it found guilty?"

Getting in debt is like sliding down a greased pole getting out is like climbing the same pole.—Augusta City Herald.



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